American

JUNIOR RED CROSS

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May 1933 NEWS "Iserve"

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STILL SUMMER

Decoration by Marie Abrams Lawson

The sun smiles a languid, indolent smile . . . A sparrow, a notorious bully, Comes down to the yard from the roof. He hops about and sneers at the fat hens Taking their bath in the sand. The cock takes offense and, beating his wings, Emits a long cry. A cat ceases purring and goes to lie down In a shadow. A lad stretches out after lunch In the grass. The breeze, rambling in the garden, Runs its fingers through the apple trees.

LEONIDAS B, a Latvian student From the Latvian J. R. C. Magazine





The Teacher's Guide

By RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The May News in the School

The Classroom Index

Civics:

"Uncle Sam's Money Factory," a fitting sequel to the "Story of Money"; "The Country Over," "Our Friends Overseas," "A Doll From Derbyshire"

English:

"Still Summer," "A Cricket Told Me," "In the Marshes" (editorials), "Something to Read," the stories, and especially "California to Spain." I wish that the teacher's wise advice to the Japanese boy might be underscored—"These are only words you've copied from dull, dry books just like those the girls and boys of Colesberg, South Africa, have on their own library shelves and do not like to read any more than you do. Can't you find something to tell that you will enjoy telling and they will enjoy hearing?"

Geography:

England—"A Doll From Derbyshire"
France—"Children of Paris at Play"
Indo-China—"The Fire King"
Germany—"Gretchen's Gate"
Hungary—"Country Juniors Visit Budapest"
United States—"California to Spain," "The Country Over"

History:

"Two Children of Tyre" ("Something to Read")

Other Countries-"Our Friends Overseas"

Nature:

"Pollwiggle's Progress" ("Something to Read"), "A Cricket Told Me"

Primary Grades:

"Still Summer." Young members will have fun finding in the picture all the things mentioned in the poem. "A Cricket Told Me," "Children of Paris at Play"

World Goodwill:

"A Doll From Derbyshire," "More Ideas for May 18th" (editorials). See also the Calendar page for May.

Reading Lists for Vacation Guidance

A recent volume published by the John Day Company, New York, *The Right Book for the Right Child*, contains classified lists of titles selected and annotated by a committee of the American Library Association under the chairmanship of Mary S. Wilkinson, and graded by the Research Department of the Public Schools of Winnetka, Illinois, under the supervision of Carleton Washburne and Vivian Weedon. The price is \$2.50.

The following list, useful in selecting approved books for classroom and outside reading, was published in the *English Journal*, November, 1932. It is valuable also for selecting used books that are appropriate as gifts to less favored groups.

Leisure Reading, for Grades 7, 8 and 9, published by the National Council of English Teachers, Chicago, Illinois, 20c. (Reviewed in The Teacher's Guide, November, 1932.)

The Gateway to Bookland, a catalogue of children's books, illustrated in color. Sample copy on request from the Baker & Taylor Company, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Year's Best Books for Children, a selection made by the Book Committee of the Child Study Association of America, 221 West 57th Street, New York. Single copy, 10c; 50 copies, \$4.00; 100 copies, \$7.50.

Fifty Outstanding Books for Boy Scouts, a list prepared by the Reading Program Service of the Boy Scouts of America, 2 Park Avenue, New York. Single copies free; 100 copies, \$1.75; 1,000 copies, \$15.00.

Stories of American Life; Men, Machines and the World Today, book lists issued by the Book Evaluation Committee of the American Library Association. Available from Eugenia Brunot, Carnegie Library, Pittsburgh. 10e each; 50 copies, \$2.50; 100 copies,

Story Book America, a series of leaflet lists featuring books about America, classified for grades 3 to 7. Available from Enoch Pratt Free Library, Baltimore, Maryland. Each list 5c, single copy; 500 copies, \$2.50; 1,000 copies, \$4.00.

All Aboard on the Old 44, a panoramic list of books about the United States. Several hundred titles arranged by States, for ages six to fourteen. Published by the Bookshop for Boys and Girls, 270 Boylston Street, Boston. Single copy 10c; in quantities of 100 or more, 5c.

Children's Reading, a study of voluntary reading of boys and girls in the United States. Selection from report of White House Conference on Child Health and Protection. Includes also valuable bibliographical material. Published by the Century Company, 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, 75c.

From Puerto Rico to the United States

OUR DEAR CONTINTENTAL FRIENDS:

The Juniors of the Red Cross of Puerto Rico send a mission of love and friendship through this letter.

Although the same flag waves over our land and we obey the same laws, common tradition tends to divide us, but we, as future citizens extend our hands across the sea and grasp our hands in one sweet tie of friendship. May we as Juniors of the lovely Red Cross be like its founder; let us plant the seed of love and charity and thus bring about a perfect friendship in a perfect union.

The Juniors of the Red Cross of Puerto Rico

Developing Calendar Activities for May

A Classroom Index of Activities

Art:

Binders for the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS, decorated fans, covers for magazine stories and poems, writing cases, vacation sketches and snapshots for use in school correpondence next year, exhibits to advertise World Goodwill

Auditorium and Dramatics:

May fête for some public home, finger marionettes

Civics:

Summer relief activities, organization of a Junior Red Cross Council for next year

English:

Vacation letters to groups helped this year; choice of magazine stories and poems to be bound as gifts for public homes; choice of travel books; a vacation diary for reference in school correspondence next year; news stories of international correspondence; a play or pageant and book reviews to advertise World Goodwill; discussion of social service work for the year; plans for vacation work (see outline on June page); vacation reading for world understanding

Geography and World Goodwill:

Exhibit of international correspondence for World Goodwill, reviews of books on other countries, vacation reading. See book lists on page 1, of this TEACHER'S GUIDE.

Nature:

Materials and observations for use in school correspondence next year

Sewing and Handwork:

Covers for ice caps, finger marionettes

Summer Suggestions

The Junior Red Cross sponsor, Mrs. Grace Andrews, of the Lowell School, Duluth, Minnesota, sent a report of one year's work, which included several ideas for summer activities:

"The usual custom of our school has been for the 8A class, who graduate, to leave a gift for the school. The pupils asked the principal if they might use their money to establish a fund to be used for purchasing shoes for needy children. The permission was readily granted. This year we have furnished milk for an underfed child from this fund.

"To all of us it seemed that the year had given us much pleasure as well as a wider and a broader understanding of the happiness derived from helping others. Accordingly we planned two meetings during the summer. The children came to my home and worked all day, some on bibs, others on quilt tops and still others on clothes for dolls. In the fall when school opened we began our work with renewed enthusiasm."

A suggestion that may be appropriate for Junior Red Cross Council activities or for older pupils who wish some volunteer summer service, comes from Atlanta, Georgia. On the back of a postcard picture of a hospital for children is the message:

"This is one of the hospitals to which Atlanta Juniors take tray favors on every holiday. It is on a hillside and is a very attractive building. The girls of the Council who delivered the pretties enjoyed arranging the children's trays just at supper time and distributing little cat cut-outs at the bedsides."

Projects for Next Year

Four different chapters in which volunteers have Braille presses and are thus able to duplicate their work in quantity are combining to make possible a new project for Junior Red Cross members next year. Twenty or thirty new stories, none of them used in the project last year, are being transcribed into Braille on plates, and some of the printing is being done in advance so that a considerable number of stories will be ready for Juniors to work on early in the fall. Many of the stories have been selected because they illustrate world friendship. Several of them have been chosen from the Junior Red Cross News or Journal.

The volunteer Braillists are giving their time as always, but because of the size of the project it will be necessary for Junior Red Cross members to pay the small sum of five cents a story toward the cost of the paper.

The plan is the same as that of last year; that is, Junior Red Cross members will make artistic covers for these stories and send them as individual gifts to children in schools for the blind. It is hoped that the Juniors will look up the stories which they cover when they receive them and possibly make simple silhouette cut-outs suggested by the story, for their covers.

All assignments to schools for the blind will be made through National or Branch Headquarters. An announcement as to where the money for the stories should be sent will be made early in the fall and before the end of the project the names of the chapters and volunteers who have done the transcribing will be published.

This preliminary announcement is made now in order that teachers who wish to do so may allow time in next fall's art course for making covers for as many of the stories as they wish their classes to handle.

Authors are usually generous in giving permission for their stories to be Brailled without charge. One of them, Idella Purnell, a successful poet and story writer, wrote:

"How delightful to think of 'The Marvelous Ring' in Braille! I very nearly cried about it.

"I am very glad to have any of my stories transcribed into Braille and used for the blind, and there is no charge for this. It's awfully encouraging."

From Puerto Rico to Italy and Canada

OUR DEAR ITALIAN FRIENDS:

We have been favored by nature by giving us a beautiful country to live in. Don't you think that people living in a beautiful country should live beautiful lives? Let us tune our hearts and clasp our hands across the sea and be friends.

OUR DEAR CANADIAN FRIENDS:

Though you are in the cold North and we in the hot South, we have in common one ideal which binds us in one strong tie. We Junior Red Cross members of Puerto Rico open our arms to clasp you in an embrace of everlasting friendship and comradeship.

Junior Red Cross in Smaller Schools

A Memorial Day Service

LINCOLN BIRTHDAY activity reported by A the Junior Red Cross of Watsonville, California, has an appeal also for Decoration Day:

"The finest of all the services was perhaps the Lincoln Day entertainment given in honor of the four remaining Day entertainment given in honor of the four remaining Civil War Veterans of the city. One of these men is 99 years of age, another past 90; one is blind. Their happiness was very great that the young Juniors had invited them to meet with them; and the presentation of a buttonhole bouquet, pinned on each by the young lad who presided, was quite an impressive ceremony. Songs chosen by the old veterans were played by the Junior Red Cross Chairman, and soon these old men were joining in the songs. The Juniors surely will repeat this fine tribute."

Summer Service

A lively Junior Red Cross member, who until recently belonged to the Junior Red Cross in Ojai, California, wrote the Pacific Area Office about last summer's service activities:

"Mrs. Sheldon wants our summer vacation Junior Red Cross Committee to write you what we did. did not do much but we had a lot of fun.

"There was a bunch of us that play together and our mothers let us have our meeting in first one house and then the next until we had been around, then we began We had Red Cross buttons to wear at all over again. We had Red Cross buttons to wear at the meeting if we could all know of some service done to someone else since the last meeting. Of course, that did not count the pictures and jokes we cut out and pasted in scrap books, or the baby sewing we tried.

"We took Bud's little wagon and went out after screw-top jars to help our P. T. A. can fruit that was wasting.

And I wrote a world-friendship play that nobody would act in. So we did not make any money charging admittance to it. I lost it or Mrs. Sheldon would now help

"One of the ladies helped us to make a portfolio. Each made an envelope out of wrapping paper and printed on it what we wanted to put in it to show children in foreign lands how we live. Mine was 'boy.' And I cut out boy's lands how we live. Mine was 'boy.' And I cut out boy's clothes, toys, food, school, sports, moving pictures. Mary had 'baby,' others 'papa,' 'mama,' 'sister,' 'pets,' 'games,' 'Ventura County,' 'Ojai.' But we got it dirty and not a very nice cover. My dad said no child across the sea would rightly judge Americans by our vacation album.

"Oh, yes; we had to make refreshments for our meetings all alone and without any expense except what was already in the house. I put system on creakers and nearly."

already in the house. I put sugar on crackers and nearly burned them up, and made tea with cold water.

But mother let us have some peaches, too.
"One of the girls crocheted around some wash rags for the Christmas boxes but I could not. Now we are

going to move away to Iowa, and I do hope there will be a Junior Red Cross there.

"We like Nordhoff Union Grammar School more than any school, and the Junior Red Cross Committee. If I ever get back again I'll type better maybe and not take so long to write headquarters what we do in Iowa."

Service Fund Ideas, "Crystallized"

Two original ideas for reinforcing the Service Fund have been contributed. Members in the State Secondary Agricultural School of Evergreen, Alabama, sold sugared peanuts.

"The children that live in the country brought in peanuts from their farms, and the children in town furnished the sugar. Cup for cup of sugar, water, and peanuts were boiled together until the peanuts were crystallized. A committee was appointed to sell the peanuts in fivecent bags."

Very young members of Lake Worth, Florida, made a "Jack Horner Pie."

"A 'Jack Horner Pie,' six feet in diameter, was made of brown paper with holes cut in it. The public was invited to 'put in a thumb and pull out a plum' at five cents a pull. The plum was a square of gingerbread. Milk was served from a giant milk bottle by the little Juniors dressed in tea aprons, with a big red cross on them, also a head band with a red cross. The proceeds were given a head band with a red cross. The proceeds were given the City Welfare Association for hot school lunches and were enough to feed all the children in the city for three

Vacation Uses of School Correspondence

A letter from an elementary school of Czechoslovakia to the Williamson School, of Prescott, Iowa, contains ideas, which may be useful during the summer vacation, about sharing school correspondence . with the community. The letter says:

"DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS,

"Many thanks for your gift, which gave us much pleasure. The wall hanging is very pretty, indeed. At first we hung it in the corridor of our school, so that anyone might see it. Later we exhibited it in a showwindow at the square of our town. Everybody who passed by stopped and admired your interesting handwork. We put a card there with the inscription 'The Castle by the Lake, which the children from Iowa sent to our children.'
After everybody had seen it, we put it aside with other objects of our Junior Red Cross collection, in order to preserve it for the new generation of Juniors.

"In order to show you our gratefulness for your nice wall hanging we are forwarding to you a doll in national costume of our town. At present those national costumes are worn only at festivals.

"We apologize for not having been able to send you this "We apologize for not having been able to letter sooner. Believe us, dear friends,

Ever sincerely yours."

Reasons for Feeling Happy

The Junior Red Cross Secretary of Birmingham, Alabama, Mrs. Virgil James, wrote concerning some of the Junior Red Cross accomplishments in rural

"I don't think that a single institution has 'escaped' the services of the Juniors. The teachers have entered into this as heartily and with the same splendid spirit as the Juniors have. Some of the rural schools have entered in with their services where they have almost no material for making things. Almost everything that has been done for making things. Annual things the state of the state o a very good idea of how the teachers in general are using Junior Red Cross as an avenue to turn their work into

purposeful activities.
"All this Junior Red Cross enthusiasm has not been accomplished with the greatest of ease, but it is one of the happiest programs that it has ever been my privilege

From Puerto Rico to Greece

TO OUR DEAR FRIENDS:

Words cannot express our sincere love and good wises for our new friends of the old Greece.

The international correspondence carried on though our dear Junior Red Cross has united all the children of the world, making us hope for a better understanding in the future, which we hope will efface war from the surface of the earth.

Fitness for Service for the Summer

Vacation Health

N carrying out the review suggested on the June page of the CALENDAR, you may wish to re-read the standards suggested for important points of health in the Fitness for Service pages of THE

TEACHER'S GUIDE during the year.

Naturally, emphasis during the summer will be on free play outdoors, a good coat of tan from summer sunshine and abundance of fresh, green vegetables and juicy summer fruits. Vacation will also afford time for the annual check-up on health, if this has not been looked after during the school months, and time for the correction of defects of throat or teeth.

Social Goals

A useful reference in carrying out the study suggested on the May CALENDAR page of what has been accomplished in reducing deaths from preventable illness, will be found in the April, 1933, issue of the RED CROSS COURIER-an article by Mrs. William Kennicutt Draper, entitled "A City's Heritage from a Health Triumph." This tells of notable achievement in one large city.

Additional Advice About Vacation

Some excellent suggestions were given about getting the most out of a summer vacation in a "Health Bulletin for Teachers" (No. 32—June, 1932) issued by the School Health Bureau, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York City.

"Re-creation. Vigorous physical activity causes waste products to accumulate which produce fatigue. mits the removal of these products of oxidation. same principle operates with respect to other forms of activity in subtler ways. Sir Andrew Clark, a famous English surgeon, once said, 'I can do a year's work in ten months, but not in twelve.'

"At this time of year, the teacher has an opportunity "At this time of year, the teacher has an opportunity to send her children from school with a real comprehension of the fact that each of them has it within his own power to return to school in the fall either in better or in worse condition as a result of his vacation. "Life in the Open. Some people find rest in complete idleness, some in a different kind of work, some in one form of play, some in another. The city dweller may

find it in the country, the farm-dweller in the city. There is one kind of recreation, however, which perhaps makes a stronger appeal to most people than any other—a re-turn to primitive life in the open air. The development of park and recreation areas and, above all, increased facilities of transportation have brought the forest and the stream, in some measure, within the reach of all.

Pleasure is an essential element in vacationing. But many things that are pleasant are not restful. There is truth in the cartoons of the comic strip which show the returning vacationist worn out and exhausted by a too vigorous play-time. There are summer camps which are organized with such pressure for constant physical and mental competitive effort that the children return worse off than when they went. The vacation should be a time of leisure and true re-creation, not of hectic activity.

"Furthermore, the vacation should, where possible, be long enough to produce the maximum results. week at camp is often a period of difficult adjustment t a new environment, and if the whole experience lasts only for a fortnight, the second week scarcely does more than

repair the strain of the first.

"Preparation. One must not only choose wisely the place and manner of the vacation, but also be sure that one is in the best condition to make the most of it. Good summer camps for children require early registration and the correction of physical defects as well as smallpox and diphtheria immunization as prerequisites for registration. It is foolish to spend money on a vacation and then have its benefits lost for lack of the right eyeglasses or because of uncorrected dental defects. sionally, too, a medical examination may reveal serious defects, for example, of heart or lungs, which would make ordinary vacation activities highly dangerous. Organized camps also insist on a second examination shortly before the camp opens, so that communicable diseases (including severe cases of ringworm, which constitute so frequent

a problem nowadays) may not be a menace to others.

"The selection of a vacation place is of fundamental importance, whether it be a summer camp where one is to stay for weeks or only a tourist camp or hotel where one spends the night on an automobile trip. A safe water supply, unpolluted waters for swimming, adequate toilet facilities and sewage disposal, proper methods of caring for garbage, protection from flies and mosquitoes, a safe for garbage, protection from files and mosquitoes, a safe milk supply, clean and sanitary facilities for preparing and serving food, and sanitary sleeping quarters are among the primary essentials. Group discussion of each of these problems and of the ways in which they can be solved in a summer camp furnishes an excellent opportunity to recall what the pupils have learned about sanitation. Copies of regulations for the sanitary protection of summer camps, tourist camps and boarding houses should be secured from the State Department of Health and discussed in class.

"Food. The four pillars of the Temple of Health are Food, Rest, Fresh Air and Exercise. Fresh air and exercise usually take care of themselves on vacation. requirements, however, call for very special attention. Here, again, there is an excellent opportunity for class Here, again, there is an excellent opportunity review. One may consider, for example, how to plan a review. One may consider, for example, how to plan a foods should be favored as most economical and valuable? or one may discuss the selection of a meal at a roadside stand while on an automobile trip. What can one find at such a stand which will provide a balanced meal? Which will supply vitamins? Which, salts? Unclean and unprotected foods are dangerous. What should you look for in this connection in choosing a place for lunch?

Avoidance of overstrain and over-exertion is an essential element in the good vacation. One should not try to do too much, to do too many things. In camp life, competition should not be overstressed and sleep time should be ample. In family excursions, it is important that long hours and over-excitement should not interfere

with the rest and sleep which children need.

"First Aid. The commonest causes of minor camp accidents are falls, collisions, and stepping on hard or sharp objects. The most serious accidents are drowning or near drowning, falls from high places and fires and explosions due to careless use of gasoline and similar materials. Special care should be taken in regard to canoeing or boating and in regard to bathing in dangerous places or in any places without help at hand. Excessive exposure to the sun by those not used to it causes much discomfort

and some real danger.

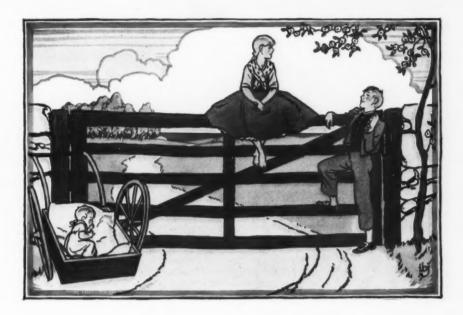
"At Home. For many of us, trips away from home may be impossible for the rest and recreation and for the outdoor life which lie near at hand. It will be interesting to have members of the class obtain data as to nearby parks and reservations, local playground facilities, summer play schools, libraries, to see what opportunities and advantages they offer. It will be helpful to discuss the hills and woodland, the streams and lakes, which can be reached on foot, or by a trolley, or by a short railroad journey. There are many possibilities of vacationing near at hand which are easy and economical, if we will only look for them."

From Puerto Rico to Japan

TO OUR DEAR JAPANESE FRIENDS:

Though separated by the deep blue ocean, the Junior Red Cross by means of its wonderful program of international correspondence, has brought us so close together that we think of you not as strangers, but as of our own. May the Lord bestow upon you all the blessings to

which the Japanese children are entitled.



Gretchen's Gate

NORA BURGLON

Illustrations by Iris Beatty Johnson

ANS swung the pack of books to his back and slipped out. This morning he was not whistling. He did not even call a good-bye to his aunt. Once upon the footpath beside the rye, he plodded along as heavily as if something were dragging at his heels. However, it was not his heels which were heavy this morning, but his heart.

"I've been hoping someone would go down to the sea to fish so that I could get it back that way," he said to himself, "but now that everyone is working in the fields there is no time for fishing." He kicked a pebble into the rye and strode on in a cloud of dust.

After a while he said, "Perhaps Gretchen will know what to do. She nearly always does." But when a boy had lost the money given him to pay the schoolmaster for a copy book, it was not at all certain that even Gretchen would know what to do.

For a whole week Hans had kept watch over the pay gate his aunt had built across the road through their pasture in hopes of earning a coin, but business was impossible these spring days.

It was really his aunt he was thinking about, though. Because she had built a fine road to the sea and had set a toll gate across it, it was seldom that anyone ever used Gretchen's gate, any more. Neighbors said it was a shame that Hans' aunt had to take the use of the pay gate away from

Gretchen's mother who was so much in need of money. Had his aunt not been so stingy with money he would have told her long before this about the half mark that never reached the schoolmaster.

Hans could see that Gretchen was waiting for him on her gate. She was swinging her little bare feet as if she had been sitting there a long time and was getting impatient. Then he saw that she was not wearing her good apron and school dress, but her old gray dress.

"Aren't you going to school today?" he demanded.

"No, I'm not," said Gretchen, looking out across the swaying rye. "Amalda's new baby is going to be christened today. Mother has gone over to help with the feast so I've got to take care of her old baby."

"Well, if you have to, why are you sitting here on the gate?"

Gretchen pointed to the grass beside the gate. "I brought Beechin and the cart out here," she said, "so I'm tending the gate and the baby at the same time." For the first time Hans saw the baby asleep on a pillow in Gretchen's little wood cart, the one she used when gathering up driftwood from the sea.

"Because the new baby is going to be named after me I want to go to the christening feast this afternoon," said Gretchen, "but mother said I'd have to stay at home because I have no coin to leave upon the wishing plate for the new baby."

For hundreds of years a good-wish coin had been left by every guest who came to a christening feast given in the little valley. It had gradually become a custom that no one would ever think of breaking.

"I was thinking," said Gretchen finally, "that if I sat here on this gate and wished all day perhaps someone would come and ride this way so that I could open the gate for them. They sometimes do and sometimes they throw me a coin. All I would need is just one coin," she said, after a little.

Hans had meant to tell Gretchen about his own money troubles. He had meant to ask her what she would do if she lost the money which had been given her for a copy book; but now that she had such big worries herself he said he guessed he would be on his way.

"I'm sorry you are not going to school this morning," he said, "but I'm hoping something happens so you can go to the christening feast at Amalda's.

course Gretchen wanted to go to a christening feast. The christening feasts and the wedding feasts were the biggest occasions in the little valley. The children danced their ring dances and had all the good things to eat that they had not tasted since Christmas. Indeed, Hans would not have minded a

single bit if he, too, might go to the christening. Not that he cared to see the new baby, for she was just a girl and she had a homely red face, his aunt had said.

Hans thought about the christening feast until he got to school; then the schoolmaster put an end to such pleasant thoughts, by saying, "Have you brought the money for your copy book?"

Hans shook his head, sadly.

"If you don't have that money here by tomorrow morning, I'll have to stop in and get it from your aunt, myself," said the master.

Hans felt himself turning hot and cold in spots at once. If the schoolmaster stopped at his aunt's house he knew well what would happen.

That was a frightful day. He had a poor reading lesson and seven of his ten problems were wrong. Then, too, he scribbled so in that copy

book which was not yet paid for that the master was very cross when he came to look at his writing. It seemed that evening and dismissal time would never, never come, but at last the books were packed into the book sack and it was time to start for home, again.

Hans took his time. No use to hurry home on account of the pay gate. If no one had passed for a week they'd not come tonight, of that he might be quite sure. His problem milled around and around in his mind. One moment he thought he would tell; the next moment he knew he didn't dare.

When he got as far as the crossroads he wondered whether he should take the footpath across the field and see how Gretchen had made out; but, being afraid that she might find out how matters were with him, he decided that he would take the longest way around. He'd get home later that way, anyhow, and there was

> always the possibility that something would happen to help him out of his

difficulty.

As he shuffled along in the dust he suddenly wanted to know Gretchen had been able to go to the christening feast, after all. If she hadn't, then there were two of them with troubles, but if she had gone, then he might feel just so much sorrier for himself. He climbed on top of the stone fence and looked over the green oat field. There in

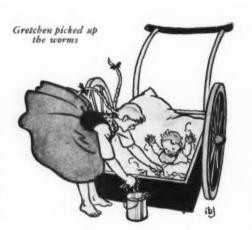
the distance he could see Gretchen, still sitting on the fence. Hans sighed. "And there she has been sitting all day," he said to himself, and climbed stiffly back to earth again.

Once more he set out upon the long road that twisted about the cabbage fields and the rye as if it, too, was in no hurry to get where it was going. After walking for a few minutes Hans heard the throb of a motor in the distance. He got well out of the road and waited in the grass for the automobile to pass.

It appeared, however, that this one had no intention of passing by. It stopped right in the middle of the road and a man popped his head out. "We are looking for a road that will take us down to the sea." said he. "We want to go out fishing. Do you know of a place where a

boat could be had, boy?"

Instantly Hans thought of the pay gate in the



pasture at home. If he showed them the way and opened the gate for them surely they would give him a coin for himself. Then he thought of little Gretchen who had been sitting upon her gate all day in the hope of the coin that would make it possible for her to go to the christening feast of her namesake. Hans weighed his problem and Gretchen's. Then he recalled what the valley had said about his aunt's having a fine road built across her pasture so that Gretchen's gate was all but abandoned. Gretchen must go to the christening feast. He would find some way of straightening out his own difficulty.

"I will show you the way if you wish," he said; "it leads to a very fine fishing stead. Once a man even caught a flounder from this place."

Hans was invited into the car and sat upon velvet upholstery far prettier than the covering of the sofa in his aunt's best room. Long before they reached Gretchen's gate she had clambered off. She had given up hopes of the coin and did not dream that a real automobile would ever drive down their ragged road to the sea. But when the car stopped right at her gate, there could be no doubt. Shoving the cart safely into the grass. Gretchen tugged away at the gate. Hans did not get out to help her. He knew it would not seem as if she had earned the coin all herself, then. When the car was well inside and Gretchen had dragged the gate shut so that the goats would not get into Amalda's rye, the two men stepped out.

"Could a person get fish bait anywhere hereabout?" the driver asked.

"Oh, yes, there is plenty of bait out behind Gretchen's cow house, in the old straw," Hans heard himself saying. All the time he was wondering why it was that Gretchen was not given a coin for opening the gate. Perhaps these men were like certain city people he had heard of who did not know that country people also could use money. Hans felt that he had to say something as a reminder.

"Last year," he said, "I earned enough money

opening our pay gate at home to buy both my Sunday shoes and my everyday ones."

But it was just as if the men had not heard a word. "If you know where there is any bait, get us a boxful," said the older of the two, pulling out a covered tin box.

Gretchen ran towards the cow house to get a fork;

then she thought of the baby, so she had to run back and get him, cart and all.

"Gretchen has had to watch both the gate and the baby today," said Hans. He had meant to bring up the matter of the gate fee, again, but the elder of the two men interrupted, "Run down to the shore, will you, boy, and see to it that the boat is dry."

There was nothing else to be done but to run down to the boat and get it bailed dry while Gretchen was digging fat worms out of the old straw. Beechin wanted some of the worms and was howling at the top of his lungs.

"Hollers just like a girl," said Hans as he scraped the boat dry, and he slammed the bailer into the prow of the boat. He had had a wretched day at school. Nothing had gone right. He had had hopes of making Gretchen happy, at least, and this is the way it had gone. "All because I lost that money," he said, and scrambled out of the boat.

By this time Gretchen had a tin full of worms. Beechin was still howling, but she did not mind that. She had hoped to get a coin for opening the gate but since she had not, it was good to know that one could be of use to someone anyway. So, clamping the lid on the tin, she gave it to the baby, while she wheeled the cart down to the sea.

"You don't happen to have a trolling line in the house?" asked the younger of the two men.

"An old one," said Gretchen.

"I'd be obliged if we might use it."

"Hans, look after the baby while I run and get it," said Gretchen, and away she went. It did not take her a moment to get the line, but by the time she was back Beechin had pulled the cover off the tin and had spilled the worms all over the cart.

"Boys are always like that," said Gretchen, as she gathered up the worms and stuffed them back into the tin. Hans stood at the prow ready to give the boat a push. There was a deep

scowl upon his brow.

"Here are the worms," said Gretchen, and her voice was as sweet and her face as bright as if she had been paid twice for opening the gate.

"Those are grand worms," said the older of the two men. Then he dug down into his pocket. "You are fine helpers," he said. "Here is a coin for each of you."



Gretchen could not keep back an exclamation, "A whole mark!" she cried.

"And I got the same!" said Hans.

"Why now I can go to the christening feast," she said. "It isn't too late yet."

"And I can pay the schoolmaster and still have half a mark left," declared Hans.

But Gretchen was too excited to hear what he said, "Help me get Beechin home and get his face washed," she said, "or his mother may

think he has been eating things he shouldn't."

Such a bustle as there was in that house! Hans washed the baby's face while Gretchen got into her school dress.

"I guess I'll go to the christening feast, too," said Hans. "I've got half a mark I can give to the new baby, if I want to."

"Come along, we'll go together," said Gretchen.
"No, I'm going home with the schoolmaster's money first," said Hans, and set off at a run.

A Doll from Derbyshire

PRISCILLA STAPLES

DO YOU remember the story of "Rose Percy" in the News for April, 1931? Many visitors come to the Red Cross Museum in Washington to pay their respects to Rose

Percy, the doll heroine of Civil War days. They gaze in admiration at her lavish wardrobe and fine jewels.

There is another doll in the museum that is likely to be overlooked, one not so elegant in appearance as Rose Percy, but a doll with a story fully as interesting.

The story begins in England shortly after the Crimean War. A young English soldier, who had fought in the war, made the doll and presented her to a very great lady of England. Although the lady was grown up, she was, nevertheless, particularly fond of dolls, and was much pleased to have another to add to her large doll family.

Life for our doll began in an exceedingly pleasant and comfortable way. For years she lived at Lea Hurst, a big English country house in Derbyshire. There she would sit all day long in the drawing room propped up among a gorgeous array of soft silk cushions. Once in a while she was taken out into the garden where tea was served and where she was admired greatly by all the distinguished visitors who came to call upon



Lea Hurst, Florence Nightingale's home

her mother. Her dress was always nicely pressed and her beads were set just so around her neck.

She was given the best care. Like all dolls, she would suffer occasionally from a common doll ailment, such as a loose joint. Then her mother would carefully mend the wound and watch over her till all was well again. Yes, her mother always would know exactly what to do in case of illness. In fact, she had spent much of her life in making people comfortable; in making weak people strong and sick people well. That was why she came to be so loved by people all over the world.

Perhaps you have guessed the name of the doll's mother: Florence Nightingale. Perhaps you know that Florence Nightingale was a born nurse. When she was a very little girl, she was always pretending that the dolls in her nursery were subject to fainting spells and the like, and must needs be nursed back to health.*

It was Florence Nightingale who went to nurse the wounded soldiers of the Crimean War in

^{*} See the play, "Florence Nightingale's First Patient" in the News for May, 1932.

1854. In that year the countries of France, England, Sardinia and Turkey had made an agreement with one another and all together had declared war upon Russia. The war centered around the Crimea, a peninsula jutting out into the Black Sea.

In those days there were no Red Cross nurses, no Red Cross ambulances to bring in the wounded soldiers from the battlefield, no Red Cross hospitals near the front line. A comparatively small number of doctors did all they could to relieve the suffering, but there were not enough doctors. Many of the wounded soldiers necessarily must be neglected. The need for nurses and more medical care was felt by the war department of Great Britain and especially by a war correspondent of the London Times, a great English newspaper. He wrote home, telling of the horrible suffering and sorrow and appealing to the women of England to go forth and minister to the suffering soldiers.

This was the call for Florence Nightingale. In all England she was the woman best fitted for the purpose, and with a small band of ill-trained nurses she set forth for the Crimea. The story of her work there is well known—how she went about at night, among the long rows of wounded

soldiers, seeing that they were being properly cared for. In her hand she carried a small, shaded lamp.

When the "Lady with the Lamp" returned from the Crimea, all the people in England wanted to grasp her hand and to tell her of their appreciation. They wanted to have a parade, and to have a big bonfire and speeches. But Florence Nightingale would have none of that. She entered England very quietly and returned to the home of her childhood at Lea Hurst, where she had begun her nursing career among her large family of dolls.

Still the people of England must do something to show their love and esteem for Florence Nightingale. They brought her presents; beautiful and costly presents.

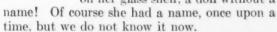
jewels and fine silver. And one day a soldier, who had fought in the Crimea, one who had been wounded in battle and who had not forgotten the care of "The Lady with the Lamp," brought to Lea Hurst a doll which he had made himself as his own expression of appreciation. At the same time, he had made a doll just like it for

Queen Victoria. Imagine how this gift must have touched the heart of Florence Nightingale! As long as she lived, she loved and cherished her precious doll of the Crimea.

Then, years later, came the great World War and many more wounded soldiers. Florence Nightingale was not there to nurse them, but her doll was there to do her bit. As in the time of Rose Percy and the Civil War, a fair was held to raise funds for the benefit of wounded soldiers. This time the fair was in England, in June, 1918, to aid a British army hospital in Portsmouth. Like Rose Percy, the doll from Derbyshire was sold at the fair, over and over again, through lottery tickets. The person holding the lucky ticket was an American Red Cross nurse. Miss H. Maude Randall. When Miss Randall came back to America, she brought this historic doll with her and gave it to the American Red Cross Museum in Washington.

Perhaps Florence Nightingale's doll feels a bit homesick as she sits in the corner of a large museum case. There is a careworn expression on her wooden face, and, although her cheeks are still round and rosy, her blue eyes look a bit troubled. Perhaps it is because she gazes all day at a portrait of her mother which hangs near-

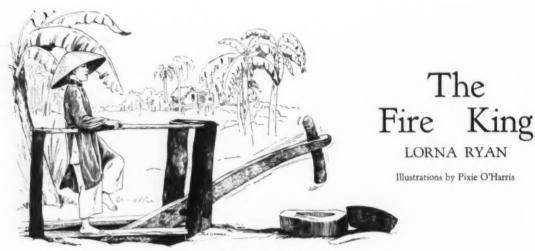
by. It reminds her, undoubtedly, of other days and she longs to be back on the comfortable lounge at Lea Hurst; so very comfortable in comparison with the hard, narrow glass shelf. The shelf is slippery. too, and once she fell over. Her head bumped hard against the glass and her dress was torn-the pretty red and brown silk dress, the only one she possesses. It is now faded and cracked, but wide bands of tarnished gold lace trimming bespeak the luxury of former days, and around her neck she wears a string of tiny blue beads that any young doll of the twentieth century might covet. On her head some of the red silk is draped into a bonnet, and peeping out from under the folds are a few of the little blue beads. There she sits on her glass shelf, a doll without a



You need not feel sorry for our doll, however, for she is very proud; proud to have been a member of such a distinguished family; proud to have had such a noble mother; proud of the part she played in the World War.



The doll berself



Yali was working the machine that hulled the village rice

F COURSE everybody couldn't be a king. In fact, everybody couldn't even be related to a royal family. But some people have a better chance than others, and Yali considered he had as good a chance of being a king as any boy in the village. To begin with, he was part of a royal family. True, he was only ten and it wasn't such a very wonderful kind of king that he would be at the very best. Still, being any kind of king is better than being just an ordinary boy.

Yali didn't look particularly royal. In fact, if you had seen him working the end of the wooden machine that hulled the village rice, the very last thing you would ever have thought would have been that he could become a king.

The hammer-like machine went thump-thump-thump every time Yali let it fall, just exactly like a big wooden mallet, and the rice shook itself out of the husks into the round wooden bowl. You see, that's the way they do that kind of thing in Cambodia where Yali lived, and it's such a slow, dreamy, up and down movement that he didn't use his mind for it at all. He thought about the future instead.

"Being a Fire King isn't really exciting," he said to himself, "and being the royal family hasn't made us very rich. But my Uncle Pnom will have finished his seven years in the seven towers pretty soon now. and then they will have to choose a new King of Fire."

Yali stopped hulling the rice. It made the jungle seem quite strange and quiet when there was no machine thumping, but Yali didn't notice. He sat down in the shade and stared at nothing while he chewed up a few rice stalks. They weren't very tasty; but then neither is grass. and you know how useful chewing grass is

when you are sitting and thinking in the shade.

He tried to imagine exactly what would happen the day his Uncle Pnom came home from his term in the towers where the Fire Kings went to rule the fire. All the grown-up men in the family would disappear into the jungle. Not one of them would want to go away, alone, for seven years. That much was certain, and, as Yali reminded himself, so much the better for his own chances of being king! He would go into the jungle and hide exactly like the others, but he would hide in such an easy place that when the village people went out to hunt his family and get themselves another Fire King—he would be the one they'd find! No more rice-machine work for him!

"I'll go and have a talk with grand-uncle Nha. He's the only one in the village who knows all about it. He likes to tell what he did when he was king," said Yali to himself as he jumped up and started to run down the village street.

He hadn't gone very far when he remembered that running wildly was not the way a royal person moved, at all. He slowed down, put his head in the air and kept his legs very stiff. His bare feet landed in the dust of the village roadway with great dignity and he felt quite pleased with himself.

When he arrived at his grand uncle's house he gave up practicing a king's walk, and climbed up the steps into the open veranda. The steps were only narrow branches tied to heavier upright ones, and the house looked like a square beehive with stilts under each corner.

"Hello, Uncle Nha," said Yali to the very old man who sat under the shade of the thatch. "Tell me about being the Fire King, will you?"

Yali took his hat off and put it on the ground

—it looked like an umbrella it was so large—and folded his legs under him neatly.

"Yes—I was the King of Fire once, Yali," said the old man in his high, squeaky voice, "and I'm likely to be Fire King again!"

This gave Yali quite a surprise. It gave him a shock in fact. It meant that Uncle Nha, old as he was, had a mind to try another term in the seven towers, and how could he, Yali, find out how he intended to do it? Probably the best way would be to talk about something else, for

the present, anyway. So after a minute he said:
"Why do the Fire Kings
all belong to our family?"

"Our family owns the royal talismans. You know what a talisman is, of course—something that works wonders. Our cuitalisman, the creeper that was gathered before the last deluge in India and is still fresh, is the one we use to make rain as a rule. If we wanted we could even make a flood and drown the world!"

Old Grand-uncle Nha, thinking of the past, just kept on talking and talk-

ing. Yali closed his eyes and tried to picture himself doing the things the Fire King had done. He saw himself walking with his most kingly step through the jungle to a village wedding feast. The white cotton carpet felt most important under his feet as the people spread it before him. And when everybody bowed down in his honor he pretended not to notice them. That would be sure to make them think he was a very fine Fire King. Only the very grandest kings are too big to see anybody else. At least, that is what Yali thought.

At last Nha's voice sounded quite husky, so Yali picked up his hat and said he had better be going home.

There was the sound of footsteps coming up the jungle path. It was one of the king's messengers with a large package on his back.

"What is that you've got?" called Granduncle Nha scrambling down the steps.

The messenger stopped. Like most messengers, he was not in such a hurry that he had no time to talk.

"I'm on my way to the Fire King's tower," he said, "with a gift from King Sisowathmonivong." Sisowathmonivong is the ruler of Cambodia. If you don't know where Cambodia is, find the

China Sea on the map and you will see a little country between Siam and Cochin China, just across the water from the Malay Straits.

"What is it?" Yali asked, feeling the bundle

"How should I know?" replied the messenger. "I think it's some silk to wrap the sacred sword in. I haven't seen it, but from the feel of it on the outside I think it is a roll of blue silk and some hand-made batik from over the sea. It looks—er—I mean, it feels as if it came from Java. And oh, it is most beautiful! I am sure

the yan, the spirit that lives in the sword, will like it and send us some rain. We need the rain now. That's why his Majesty is sending gifts to the Fire King for his sword."

Grand-uncle Nha chuckled to himself. Yali looked at him and wondered about it.

"He had better send handsome presents, too," remarked the old man, growing serious again. "If he doesn't, it will just be a terrible thing for the country. The Fire King

country. The Fire King might draw the sword out of the sheath a little bit and make the sun die! He has only got to be a tiny bit upset and he'll draw it out farther, so that all the animals will fall asleep. As for what I would do, what I always said I'd do when I was Fire King myself," he went on with a most savage look in his eye, "I'd just draw the sword right out of the sheath and end the world altogether. If I had the chance again, that's what I'd do if I didn't get plenty of silk presents for the sword yan."

Yali felt that the more he heard about being a Fire King the more he liked the idea.

The messenger went on his way. Shortly afterwards another messenger came through the village carrying two baskets full of chickens. They were slung from a pole across the messenger's shoulders and made him look like a pair of scales walking in the jungle.

"More presents for the yan," croaked old Nha, "and if he doesn't hurry up there will be a new Fire King, before he gets to the towers. Tomorrow is the end of this one's seven years. We shall see what we shall see!"

The words were full of meaning—but so were Yali's thoughts. "Yes," he said to himself, "we shall see what we shall see!"



The next morning there was not one of the royal family in the village. Even Yali, who was far too young to be the Fire King, in the grown-up's opinion, had disappeared with the others.

Just outside the jungle clearing where the village was built, up on its stilts and under its palm-thatch, there was a little deserted house. Nobody had lived there for a long time and it was quite dark inside. Also, it was the first place everybody looked when the new Fire King was being captured. Yali crept in and crawled into the corner.

A few minutes later he heard somebody else climbing up the steps. He kept quite still and watched the little opening in the palm-leaf wall.

In crept Grand-uncle Nha!

They couldn't both be Fire Kings.

"I'm in the best position," thought Yali. "I know he is here, but he doesn't know about me. So when the people come near the house I will sneak along to the opening in the wall and let them see me first."

Presently there was the sound of many feet trampling outside.

Yali was almost outside the sheltering dark-

ness of the house. In a few seconds somebody would see him. He would be the Fire King for seven years.

Seven years! Seven long years, all by himself in the towers—without his mother; without his playmates; far away from the sunny place where he worked the rice-hulling machine for the village; far away from the village. And he wouldn't be able to come back till he was seventeen.

"Here, Grand-uncle Nha," he cried. "Come out into the light where everybody can see you!"

Half an hour later Yali's wooden rice machine was thumping its old tune as steadily as ever. "How funny." he was thinking as he hit the shaft with his foot. "I always thought I wanted to be a king—and then I went and turned right round at the last minute."

The rice husks flew out of the round wooden bowl. The sunshine was bright with pretty jungle-things. Yali listened to the sounds that came from the village houses. His head drooped drowsily and he had nothing to worry about at all. Happily he thought to himself, "I'd rather be a little boy than anything else in the world."

A CRICKET TOLD ME

MINERVA HUNTER

Decoration by Wynna Wright



ROLLING THEIR OWN

Mr. and Mrs. Tumble Bug Upon a summer day Were rolling a big, dirty ball Along the woodland way.

Said Mr. Butterfly, "That ball Looks heavy, and see here, To do such work and think it fun Is freakish and quite queer."

Then Mr. Tumble Bug replied,
"How like a lazy drone!
Our baby bugs are in this ball.
We simply roll our own!"



THE LOCUST SHELL

There was a masquerade party
In the insect world last night
And lively Mr. Locust
Left his costume in plain sight.

For when the party ended He stepped out of his suit. Upon the fence it's hanging And his false face, to boot.



MOVING DAY

Moving day is every day For the hermit crab If he sees an empty shell He is sure to grab.

Oftentimes the shell he leaves
Is the better one,
But he does not care for that—
Moving is such fun!



Something to Read

POLLWIGGLE'S PROGRESS

Wilfrid S. Bronson Macmillan, \$2.00 (Ages 8 to 12)



things. Mr. Bronson's story about him is very interesting. And the pictures tell almost as much as the story.

swift rapids.

he was picked up by

a steam shovel. Once

Once

E ARLY, early in the year, one day, suddenly, you hear the loud shrilling of the peepers. If you are a northern child, you know that they have to be frozen three times yet. But what of that? Spring is really here at last.

If you listen closely to the frogs, you will hear several different voices. Way down below the others is a deep bass voice, "Crr-um! Crr-um!" That is the bullfrog's song, the song that Poll-

wiggle's father sang.

At first Pollwiggle was just what his name says—poll (a head) and a wiggle—a tiny polliwog with a long, lively tail. He looked just like the picture at the top of this page, and he squirmed through the water, learning all about the other creatures that lived in his pond. He had gills like a fish then, and he stayed a polliwog all summer long, while the smaller tadpoles turned into other kinds of frogs and toads and salamanders. And after the rest grew up, everything that liked the special flavor of polliwogs tried to eat Pollwiggle and his relatives.

But Pollwiggle managed to escape all his enemies and lived through his first winter burrowed deep in the mud at the bottom of the pond. Next spring the strangest things began to happen to him. First he grew some hind legs, then he grew some arms, and finally his tail shrank until it vanished entirely. But the strangest thing of all was that he suddenly grew some lungs and his gills went away. He had to stop breathing water like a fish, and breath air as you do. That was a hard change to make, and sometimes the little frogs couldn't breathe either way and just drowned.

Pollwiggle had a strange tongue that worked very differently from ours; and when he wanted to swallow, he pushed his food down his throat with his eyes. That sounds extremely odd, but the book has a picture that shows very clearly how it worked. It really was quite simple.

Pollwiggle had many adventures. All kinds of creatures were always trying to eat him. Once he got too near the waterfall that emptied his pond and was carried head over tail through the

TWO CHILDREN OF TYRE

Louise Andrews Kent: Houghton Mifflin: \$2.00 (Ages 9 to 12)

DAVID and Esther lived an enormous length of time ago. Their uncle was the master craftsman whom Hiram, King of Tyre, sent to King Solomon in Jerusalem to help build the great temple. The world then was young and small. Egypt and Babylon, Palestine and Crete, had the arts of civilization; Rome and Carthage were still mere villages. The Mediterranean Sea washed the shores of the known world; on that Sea of Darkness, the Atlantic, only a few of the boldest of the sailors of Phoenicia ever sailed, trading to savage Britain for tin.

But these two are real children; they swim and sail and fish for the shellfish the Tyrians used to make their famous purple dye. You feel as if you were living in that ancient world with them.

David goes out with the trading fleet. Mutineers seize David's ship and carry him out into the unknown dangers of the Sea of Darkness, but David cleverly gets word to his friends. Meantime Esther watches the villain at home. And what a villain he is—rat-like, snaggle-toothed, undersized and skinny! Mrs. Kent likes her villains villainous. But you do get a clear picture of the man, and the other characters are quite lifelike and individual. Anyone who likes historical stories will like this book.

INGRID'S HOLIDAYS

Signe Lindegren: Macmillan: \$1.75 (Girls, 12 to 15)

I NGRID had always been well taken care of in her Stockholm home. But one summer her mother went to a sanitarium, and a series of accidents happened that forced Ingrid to support herself until her mother should come back. When she found a job in a factory she found also a whole new life that she had known nothing of. Her adventures there make a good story.—J.W.S.

AMERICAN IUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

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Oh, green was the corn as I rode on my way, And bright were the dews on the blossoms of May, And dark was the sycamore's shade to behold, And the oak's tender leaf was of emerald and gold. -REGINALD HEBER

MORE IDEAS FOR MAY 18

YOU remember that in last month's News there was a play that would make a good program for World Good Will Day. Another way of celebrating the day is to get together all the material that the school has received in international school correspondence and make an exhibit of it. Many schools in the United States have been carrying on correspondence with schools of other lands for years and have accumulated some very interesting things.

Austrian Juniors make a great deal of the day. Last year Vienna's biggest concert hall was filled with more than two thousand boys and girls. After the singing of the Junior Red Cross song, a girl read the Good Will Day message from the children of Wales, who send out a message every year by radio to other children around the world on the eighteenth of May. Next was read the Austrian Juniors' reply to this message. A welltrained chorus from one of the schools in Vienna next sang songs of Denmark, Sweden, Finland, the United States, England, France, Czechoslovakia. Germany and Austria, each song in the language of its country. The singing was applauded to the echo.

THE CALENDAR STORY

MIRABELLA sat under a pergola among the morning glories, splitting pomegranates into a majolica bowl. Her mother had said, "Take the ripest and halve them. Your cousins will be thirsty and there is nothing like pomegranate juice for thirst." From where she sat, Mirabella could see her cousins slowly approaching. They were coming across the bay in a boat with a gilded prow. The water of the bay was as blue as steel and as bright as silver. Beyond it the mountains of the island of Mallorca rose in bands of lilac and lavender and melting blue.

Besides her cousins' boat Mirabella could see her two brothers, one in the fig grove, the other sinking a lobster pot near shore. All three were on the lookout for the cousins. Only the pigs were unconcerned, and yet it was on their account that the guests were coming. There was to be a picnic in honor of the pigs!

Besides being famous for leather and lace. pottery and oranges. Mallorca has the best pigs in Spain. Ever since the figs had begun to ripen, the pigs of the Island had been living well. They did not know that they now were gobbling up the last meal of the season; that tomorrow they would be packed off to Barcelona with grapevines around their necks and ribbons on their tails .- A. M. U.

IN THE MARSHES

Mary Royce Merriman

WANDERED in the marshes: I saw them where they grew, Like soldiers in green uniforms Waving flags of blue.

For all along the brookside In meadows low and damp, Battalions of the blue flag Had pitched their straggling camp.

A field of gay, blue banners Beneath a sunlit sky. That deepend into purple When the dusk came by.

There, in the misty twilight, With music quaint and low, I heard the marsh birds crooning, I saw strange lanterns glow.

A happy, singing meadow With firefly lamps alight: It minded not the gray dusk, Nor purple veil of night.

Children of Paris at Play

ANDRÉE D'ESTRÉES

THE FAVORITE entertainment of most Parisian children seems to be riding. The greatest ambition of the very young ones is to ride on a white rabbit with a red-velvet saddle and tinkle bells all over its harness, while the merry-go-round organ plays its loudest and noisiest tunes.

When the Parisian boy gets older he loves to ride every day on the historic merry-go-round which has existed for half a century in the fashionable Champs Elysées, a stone's throw from the palace of the President of the French Republic. The great attraction of this sport is that, while whizzing around, one tries to catch little iron rings on the point of a stick. The girl in the picture is making an early start at aiming in the



At the zoo one can ride on a dromedary

hope of winning a sugar stick at the end of the race. The boy, preferring a bird in the hand to two in the bush, is munching a golden, buttery brioche. Being a well-brought-up little boy, he has first taken off the white cotton gloves that he wears to play in the sand.

It is a pity the picture does not extend a wee bit further to the right, for you would see the path along which come the tiny carriages, drawn by real white goats, in which the very small children take rides. Those whose legs are too long to fit in the carriages ride on donkeys.

On fine spring days, the children are taken to play in the Bois de Boulogne, which is a com-



The boy is munching a golden, buttery brioche

bined wood and park. There are rowboats for rent on its two little lakes, and swans and ducks come and eat bread out of your hand. Then there is the zoo, not a big zoo, but an intimate little zoo with just a few lions and birds and things. One can ride around the zoo on unusual animals. For instance, the pair in the picture are having what one might term a high time of it on the back of a benevolent dromedary.

When he becomes quite a young man, the little Parisian likes his papa to take him to the fair, where he always finds a handsome choice of spotted cows with gilded horns for mounts. Some of the cows move up and down as they go round. Others plunge back and forth; all of them do their very best to make one feel as giddy as possible. It is great fun!

The Paris fair is such an important affair that it pays the city for land space, and it is entitled to move from place to place all the year round. Its most important elements, after the various whizzy and twirly machines, are the gingerbread booths, where it is the custom to get your best friend's name written in sugar icing on a gingerbread pig, and to present it to her for luck.

There are several large parks in Paris in which the children meet to play together. They are very keen on a mild form of football, and they usually play what they call tennis over a rope strung between two trees. Many of them are croquet fiends. Scooters have been the height of fashion for several years, but roller skates are considered a luxury, and of course are not allowed on the streets. In every park is a lovely fountain that spouts in the air, and sailing toy boats in it is one of the most popular sports.

But all these entertainments put together do not give the Parisian boy one-tenth the pleasure he gets from his two months' holiday at the seaside, when he is willing to shed town clothes and socks and have a really free time.



The Bureau of Engraving and Printing, working at night

Uncle Sam's Money Factory

FRANCES MARGARET FOX

AYBE you have heard of Elkanah Watson, who has been called the Father of the Department of Agriculture. Anyway, in the year 1777, when Elkanah was a young man in the employ of a Rhode Island merchant, he carried fifty thousand dollars in gold from Providence, Rhode Island, to Charleston, South Carolina, and to Georgia. It was gold because, in the early days of our nation, we had no paper money, and payments had to be made in gold or silver. The money was to be given to the merchant's agents in the South who were to invest it in cargoes to be sold in Europe.

Mr. Watson packed away part of the gold in a box: but most of it was quilted into the lining of his coat. Then away he started on horseback for the journey of 1,243 miles. For seventy days he jogged along through the forests and over the mountains, until he reached his journey's end with his coat lining and a box full of gold for

Imagine how joyfully the young man took off his coat at Charleston. One thousand dollars in gold weighs over three and one-half pounds and that coat, with its thousands of dollars, must have been terribly heavy. Maybe Elkanah Watson was thankful that he had not been asked to transport silver. One thousand dollars in silver weighs almost fifty-nine pounds.

After the American Revolution the state governments began manufacturing paper money to be used in place of the heavy metals. In Massachusetts it was engraved by Paul Revere. This money, though, was not acceptable far from But our national government did not furnish us with paper money of the kind to which we are accustomed until the beginning of the Civil War. Then there was not enough gold in the United States Treasury to pay the enormous expenses of the war, nor could it borrow the needed gold or silver. Therefore Uncle Sam took the advice of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, who had been Secretary of the Treasury, and issued the first paper money of the national government.

At first the engraving and printing of the notes had to be done by engravers and printers employed by the state banks. These men engraved the required new plates, printed sheets of notes from them, and sent the sheets to the Treasury at Washington. Clerks at the Treasury Department wrote the names of the register and the treasurer on the paper money, and then cut the bills apart and trimmed the notes with shears, one at a time.

They did their best, but they could not keep up with the work; so finally it was decided that the engraving and printing must be done at the Treasury Department, and that the notes must be cut apart by machinery. Several divisions of the Treasury Department then were united as the Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

On August 29, 1862, two men and four women began the work of our great Bureau of Engraving and Printing, in an attic room of the west wing of the Treasury Building. Jack's famous beanstalk grew no faster than our national money-making factory has grown since then. It grew so fast and it grew so big that there was no room for it in the Treasury, and it had to move; then it had to move again and occupy a new building, with ten acres of floor space. Even this new building soon was outgrown, so that in 1925, the engraving division of the Bureau had to move into what is known as the old building. In these days, more than five thousand employees work in the Bureau, more than half of them women and girls.

In ordinary times the Bureau of Engraving and Printing delivers about 992,000,000 notes a year or a daily average of 3,360,000. In March this year this record was broken, for then new paper money was needed for immediate use all over the country. The Bureau of Engraving and Printing began working night and day. It was necessary for a time to send quantities of notes every twenty-four hours to the Treasury, which sent them out to the Federal Reserve banks.

Even during those busy days visitors were welcomed at certain hours at the Bureau. Wishing to have a glimpse of this great historical event, I followed the rules, and asked Senator Vandenberg, of Michigan, through his secretary, for a letter of introduction to the Director of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing: and the letter, courteously provided, worked like magic.

Mrs. Shockey, who is a visitor's guide, took me in charge, and explained the meaning of the sights to be seen in various rooms from the observation balconies. The rooms are light as day because the walls are mostly made of windows; and the balconies were built out over the center of one end of each room on purpose for visitors. From these balconies I saw, down the length of the long rooms and on both sides, numberless printing presses and other machines, and everywhere fascinating piles of paper money in the making.

Sometimes visitors with a special permit are shown the work of the engraving division. The men who make the plates from which our money is printed are the most skilled engravers in the world. When a new note is to be issued, a designer prepares the model for the engravers who make the original steel engraving which is called

a "die." Several engravers work separately to produce one plate. Each one, with a diamond-pointed steel tool and with the help of a magnifying glass, carves his part of the design into the steel. It is slow and tedious labor. One slip of the graver, one false line, one cut too deep or too wide, and the work of weeks or even months may have to be thrown away. The finished plates are stored in fire- and burglar-proof vaults.

The white paper upon which our money is printed is made by a secret process in a factory at Dalton, Massachusetts. It is one-fourth cotton and three-fourths linen. This paper, carefully guarded, is sent from Massachusetts to the Treasury, and is kept there until it is required by the wetting division of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. It goes to the Bureau in sealed packages of one thousand sheets. The name of the one who counts the sheets at the

Bureau is signed on an enclosed tag.

Moist paper is pliable and is more easily and clearly printed from engraved plates than dry paper. Therefore the first process in the making of currency is the wetting of the paper sheets. From the balcony I saw the paper sheets being wet by machinery, and the final counting and packing of the sheets in packages of one hundred, which are taken to the stock rooms to be kept under pressure for three days. This insures even distribution of moisture.

Mrs. Shockey told me exactly how many times the sheets of paper are counted, and how many times the packages are signed, before they finally reach the printers. She almost had to shout because the noise of the machinery was terrific.

Twelve notes are printed on one sheet, and the backs of the sheets are printed first. Then the sheets are wet again and put away for another

three days of drying.

It would take pages and pages to tell in detail about the printing of the notes: how men and women count, and count, and count; how the papers are inspected for flaws in printing, and how many hands and processes the money goes through before it reaches what is known as the numbering division. In this division, where the final counting, sealing, separating and packing of the paper is done, the workers are enclosed in wire cages, with a guard at the entrance.

From the Bureau of Engraving and Printing the paper money is carried to the Treasury, and from the Treasury it is sent to the banks. In time, all that is not lost in one way or another comes home to the Treasury, where the soiled old bills are destroyed in the macerator, and fresh new money is sent to the banks in exchange.

California to Spain

HE Junior High School at Petaluma, California, started off its album to a correspondent group in a Spanish school by telling how

their state was linked with Spain.

"Many things in California remind us of our close connection with you. The first Europeans to come to settle in California were the Spanish padres. They came to convert the Indians and to make settlements. One of these first padres was Father Serra. With him came some soldiers

under Portolá, who were looking for a good place to establish a fort along the coast of California. They wanted to occupy the territory before the Russians did. The padres built missions, many of which are still standing.

"We have many streets, counties, cities, towns and rivers with Spanish names. We also have many old homes still standing which were built by the early Spanish settlers. We have two missions quite close to us. One is in San Francisco, called San Fran-

cisco de Assisi; the other is in Sonoma. It is called San Francisco de Solano. They show how

well the Spanish settlers built.

"Many modern homes are built after the Spanish fashion. The windows and doors in these houses are arched; most of them are made of stucco in many beautiful colors and trimmed

"We have, like you, a fiesta spirit. Every year at Los Angeles there is a picturesque festival to which visitors come from far and near. Beautiful dresses are worn by the women and velvet suits and sombreros by the men. Dances are held and the people enjoy the carnival.

"When one goes to a museum of fine arts in California one is sure to see beautiful paintings by Spanish artists. Much music which we enjoy and beautiful dances full of grace and rhythm are of Spanish origin. Alluring costumes for them are copied after yours.

"You will perhaps be interested to know that we are soon to begin a study of your language."

California, like the rest of the United States, is made up of many immigrants from other

states and from other lands. One of the letters in the Petaluma album said:

"I am going to tell you how some of the ancestors of the members of my class came here. The following are from their compositions:

"'My great-grandfather came around the Horn in a boat at the time of the gold rush in 1848.

"'My great-grandfather came across the plains in a covered wagon in 1862.

"'My grandfather Portugal in 1869, certain that he would get rich in the gold fields. When he arrived in New York he went to work in a store to earn money to continue his journey. In March, 1870, he had earned enough to buy a ticket on the railroad. He was delayed twice by herds of buffaloes.'

"'My father was the second of our family to come to California from Germany. He came in 1899 when he was

fifteen years of age.'

"'My grandfather came from Switzerland in 1889 and landed in San Francisco. He came to explore California. Friends and relatives had told him of the wonderful climate and conditions here.'

"'My father was the first one in the family to come to America. He came to America from Japan about twenty-five years ago. My father staved in the Hawaiian Islands for about nine years. In Japan he raised rice and barley and sold them. In the Hawaiian Islands he worked on a big plantation of sugar cane. In California he raised chickens."

In another school correspondence album sent overseas from a school in California, a Japanese boy wrote:

"My ancestors were not of the same race as the ones who came to California to settle it in the eighteenth century, but until my history teacher said to me, 'Keyoshi, wouldn't you like to find out something of San Carlos Mission and write it up for some boys and girls in South Africa to read?' I never thought much about it.

"I went to the library to read up on this mission, but somehow I found in the books only



Father Serra

hard words, without much meaning. I copied some of these things and took them back to my teacher. She read a little and said, 'Oh, no, Keyoshi. These are only words you've copied from dull, dry books just like those the girls and boys of Colesberg, South Africa, have on their own library shelves and do not like to read any more than you do. Can't you find something to tell that you will enjoy telling and they will enjoy hearing? Besides, if you ever come to understand about our old missions it will benefit you and all the people you ever know as well.'

"She gave me a book to read about the three fathers, Serra, Palou and Crespí. That, too, was hard reading, yet every page grew more interesting. After I had finished the book I reread many pages.

"Later I went to see a beautiful picture of San Carlos as it once After that I Was thought I should like to try again reading the first hard book which I had thought not worth reading earlier, so I went to the library. Imagine my astonishment when I discovered that fifty-four minutes had gone and I had forgotten even that I was in school!

"After I had read snatches of many books, my history teacher reminded us that our papers were due Thursday. I had

become so absorbed in all this reading that I had forgotten I must write of San Carlos Mission and I had only two evenings left. I worked two hours the first night and tore up most of what I wrote. Finally, my father told me I must go to bed. I told him of my assignment, the hard books to read, all my history teacher had said to me and how hard I was finding the writing.

"Father sat thinking a moment and then said, 'My son, what have you really learned from all this reading that will help "you and others" as the teacher said?' Then I began to tell him of the great faith the padres had in their religion and how it had made them give up everything in

their own homeland and come so far to America to try to teach the Indians their faith. I told him of Father Jayme's being murdered and Father Serra's lonely, hard work for the Indians.

"I told him how Father Serra and Portolá led soldiers and priests to found a mission at Monterey Bay which had been discovered by Carbillo and explored by Vizcaino long before. They did not find it and Portolá wanted to give up. But Father Serra would not, and finally they built the San Carlos Mission in 1773 and all Mexico and Spain were glad; some because they

wanted to find wealth in this new land. Above everything else I like to read and think of how the Spaniards influenced the Indians to come into the mission and learn to make beautiful pottery and leather things; to grow vineyards and orchards, to do everything the padres themselves knew how to do.

"'Why now,' I said, 'when I play with the boys at school, I often wonder if Juan is descended from a brave soldier. I think I know why Robert is the leader of his class; why Blas is such a good student and why Vidal has the leading part in our school operetta this year. Truly, Father, I never can think of them as just Mexicans again; they are the descendants of the Spaniards

ants of the Spaniards who gave their lives to help the Indians. There are brave and wise Spaniards and Mexicans the same as brave and wise Japanese.'

"When I stopped to get my breath my father said, 'Son, I think you've learned the lesson your teacher wanted you to get. But it is so late now you must wait until tomorrow to write it.'

"I went to my history teacher before school began and told her what I've written above and apologized because I'd found so little about San Carlos, but she said, 'Never mind, just write out the lesson you've learned. That is more valuable than the description of an adobe building now fallen down.'"



COURTESY ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

The mission of San Juan Capistrano, founded by Father Serra in 1776



Budapest is one of the world's most beautiful cities

Country Juniors Visit Budapest

HEN the fourteen boys and the fourteen girls of the group in Simormajor-Kajmadpuszta, Hungary, told their schoolmasters about their great desire to see Budapest, which foreigners say is one of the world's most beautiful cities, the teachers shook their heads sadly: "Impossible, children," they said, "it would take too much money!"

But the children stuck to their scheme. They decided to scrape together the traveling expenses. For this purpose, from February on, every minute of their free time was spent in hard work. They cut wood, they carried water, they helped in every possible way. There came a day at last when they surprised their teachers with the words: "We have the traveling expenses. Please take us to Budapest."

An old granny saw the preparations of the children. She said to her little granddaughter: "If you are going, I shall go, too! I cannot suffer the shame of my grandchild seeing Budapest sooner than I."

There were many obstacles to this journey. There were children who had no shoes, and

others who needed a wrap. But somehow the wrap was borrowed and the shoes were given by some member of a large family, and one fine day the little farm children were really sitting in the railway carriage. Granny, too, was waving her handkerchief to the assembled village folk.

When they arrived in the noise and confusion of the glass-roofed station, one of the head-masters of Budapest was awaiting them with his Boy Scouts, and saw the little troop home to the gymnasium of a Budapest school where a good supper and soft beds were awaiting them.

The next morning, the children awoke before four o'clock and looked about with great curiosity in that new world, where they found themselves. The gymnasium hall had many pleasures for them. These children who climb trees like squirrels had never before seen a gymnastic apparatus, and now, one by one, they explored its secrets. The director of the school, inviting his young visitors to breakfast, had to call them down one by one from the top of the pole, the swing, the parallel bars.

The children enjoyed seeing all the beauties of Budapest. Perhaps the nicest of their adventures was the afternoon tea arranged by the Juniors of the Margi-körut Elementary School on the isle of St. Margaret in honor of their country comrades. At table, each Budapest Junior had a country Junior for neighbor. The

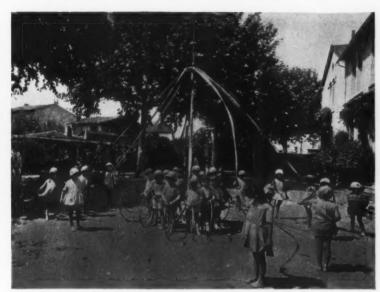
comrades soon became very friendly. Only Granny wiped her eyes again and again, assuring all that these were only tears of joy.

The trip to Budapest is now but a memory. As the Juniors write: "It was a beautiful fairy tale where good fairies guided us!"

beautiful fairy tale where good fairies guided us!"

—Hungarian J. R. C. Magazine





Juniors at the École Maternelle de Bourg-en-Péage, France, play out-of-doors every day

Our Friends Overseas



Junior in Roumanian costume

AST year, as usual, Belgian Juniors who subscribed to the Junior Red Cross holiday camps, spent a week apiece in the country. Camp life begins in the morning with breakfast, gymnastics, the salute to the flag; then come courses in the theory of First Aid. In the afternoon, practical First-Aid demonstration is followed by bathing and games. Best of all is the campfire after supper. The Juniors take their places in the circle around the logs. The fire

is lighted in solemn silence, the flames spring up. Around this fire all sing, tell stories, do stunts.

Belgian Juniors have helped raise funds for installing summer playgrounds and have given many toys, including balloons and ropes, for the use of the children. At Liège they have been able to set up a special playground for the Institute for Deaf, Dumb and Blind Children.

THE girl in Roumanian national costume at the beginning of this page is a Junior of the First Primary School of Constanza, Roumania. It is interesting to compare her dress with that worn by the Roumanian gypsy on the June Calendar page. The picture is one of several that came with gifts of embroideries sent to this country by the Constanza Juniors. A photograph of the girl who had made it was attached to each piece of handwork. Nineteen groups of the J. R. C. are active in Constanza in both the primary and secondary schools. Each group makes a point of helping the needy children in its own school, and several of the better-off schools have been helping the canteens in poorer schools.

SOME Hungarian Juniors thought that there should be a statue to mothers erected in their town. For last Mothers' Day one of their teachers who is a talented sculptor made a statue of a young Hungarian mother with a baby in her arms and a little girl at her side. When the mayor of the town heard of the children's wish and saw the work of the teacher, he decided to have the statue cast in bronze and erected in the chief square of the town.

TWO JUNIORS of the Dha Udhen Group in Siam were romping about near the bank of a pond. As they were pushing a stick into the water, they struck something hard. When they fished it up they found it was a steel trunk containing many articles in silver and some medals

to the value of about two hundred bahts. (A baht is worth about 35 cents.) They carried it at once to the district officer. The articles were found to be stolen and were given back to their proper owner.

THE members of the "Concepcion Arenal"
Junior Group in Madrid were given a diploma at a fête organized by the Society for the Protection of Animals and Plants for picking up a dog which had been injured by a street car. They took care of it in turns until it was cured.

THE Juniors at the State Grammar School,



These two Latvian Juniors are proud of their long scroll letter from Japan

Czechoslovakia, had a new school building. It was fine, they said, except that inside and out it looked "empty and sad." The teacher bought some flower pots and the girls began to grow flowers of all sorts in them. The boys, in the meantime, made flower stands for them.

Then they began to lay out a park in front of the school. They leveled the earth, made paths and flower beds. They planted flower seeds and many kinds of small bushes given them by the School of Agriculture and Forestry, and set out 130 fruit trees in the garden behind the school.

The Country Over

DURING summer vacation last year Juniors in Scottsbluff, Nebraska, collected seeds, flowers and insects typical of their neighborhood to enclose in an international correspondence album which they sent overseas in the autumn. The cover was chosen in a contest among the homerooms.

THE junior high schools of Syracuse, New York, held a J. R. C. rally at Roosevelt Junior High on May 18, World Good Will Day, and presented "May Baskets for the World's Front Door," which was printed in last May's issue of the News. Awards were given to First-Aid and Life-Saving classes, and the life-saving skit, "Mr. Careless Can't Catch Me," was also presented. The rally was repeated in June for entertainment of patients in the Onondaga Sanitarium.

MEMBERS in Logan School, Columbia, South Carolina, gave a health play which they made up themselves, and used the money they earned in this way to send undernourished children to a summer nutrition camp.

YOUNGER members carried on Junior Red Cross work on 167 playgrounds in metropolitan Boston during the summer. They made [212] doll's bassinets and small davenports from ordinary peach baskets, doll houses out of orange crates, and dolls and animals out of pipe cleaners. They also made hundreds of oilcloth animals and scrapbooks. Some articles made on the playgrounds were included in the shipment of fifteen hundred Christmas boxes sent to Juniors overseas. At Christmas time many of the larger playground gifts were included with the reconditioned toys and the things made in school.

EIGHT months after organizing the Junior Red Cross, members from each of seven schools in Elmore County, Alabama, met together at the county seat to report on their work and presented a program before an audience of about two hundred people. After explaining their aims and activities and showing samples of their work, the Juniors sang folk songs of many countries. Each school then presented the folk dances of a different country-Norway, Sweden, Germany, Holland, England and Scotland. The dancers were dressed in the appropriate folk costumes, and a boy held up the flag of the country represented by each group. The dancing was introduced by a fifth-grade Junior who told of the activities of the J. R. C. in promoting international good will.

INDER the auspices of the Junior Red Cross a group of ladies in Fairmont, West Virginia, have been providing milk daily throughout the spring for sixty-five children. The ladies raise the money for the milk by rummage sales and card parties, and give it to the Juniors to administer. The Juniors keep a chart of the weight of the children week by week, and report to the donors of the fund once a month. Some of the children gained as much as three pounds

in ten days.

These Juniors made a large number of dolls and a quantity of other exhibit material which they displayed for four days in a show window in Fairmont. Wire dolls that would stand alone were dressed to represent twenty-six different nations and were grouped around a small table made by a sixth-grade boy. A doll in the costume of a Red Cross nurse and holding an American flag, represented the United States. Behind the group was Robinson's poem, "Let There Be Peace," printed in large, bold type. One of the ministers of the town preached a sermon based on the display. After the exhibit was over, a small part of the material was sent to National Headquarters for exhibit about the country, and the rest was sent to local hospitals.

BECAUSE there are many pupils of Italian descent in the Carteret School, Bloomfield, New Jersey, the J. R. C. of the school decided to send an international correspondence album to Italy. When they got the album ready, the Juniors from the Italian families took pages

home to their parents, who translated the English into Italian.

EVERY Christmas for several years past, Juniors in North Heights School, Victoria, Texas, have made jigsaw puzzles for men in the veterans' hospitals. Lately they have been making them for sale, to raise money for their service fund. They took old magazine covers, mounted them on cardboard, and cut them on their school coping saws. Their mothers are helping them sell the puzzles.

HEN they studied clothing in their social study class, Juniors of the third grade in Sigsbee School, Grand Rapids, Michigan, began to collect clothes for the needy to give to the senior Chapter. They learned where wool, cotton, silk, linen, leather, fur, rubber and such things as buttons come from and how they are used in making clothing. They made big decorated boxes, each marked with the name of one material, and put the clothes they had collected in them. The third graders did so well in their project that they were asked to help start it in other rooms in their school. Now all the schools of Grand Rapids are collecting clothing in every part of the city for the Red Cross.

CLUB of boys and girls in Fort Wayne, In-A diana, who are too crippled to go to school are visited daily by a teacher. They have joined the Junior Red Cross and have made a health book which was sent to the Riley Hospital for the benefit of the crippled children who are pa-



San Diego, California, members with the exhibit of the work of the J. R. C. in their school in the Visual Education Building in San Diego

tients there. At a certain hour set aside in Hamilton School each Monday and devoted to Junior Red Cross, the Juniors talk over the requirements of the needy persons in their community. They have a treasury to which each member pays four cents a month. This money is turned over to the woman who has charge of the underprivileged children in their community, and the money is used to provide butter for them.

CROCKETT SCHOOL, Wichita Falls, Texas, Juniors report their activities for the year:

We have taken part in the city-wide clean-up and in Junior Garden Club work. At Thanksgiving we bought groceries for four needy families. We made picture books and collected paper dolls for orphans, day nurseries and children's hospitals, and sent magazines to the County Home for the old men and women. We do many helpful things about our building, such as cleaning up paper and peelings around the grounds and taking care of little schoolroom tasks. We have our club meeting in each room twice a month. Each room has a boy and girl Council member. Our Council.

with the principal as director, meets regularly once a month.

A SUMMARY of the year's work was given at the final meeting last year of the J. R. C. Council of Sheffield, Alabama, Junior High School: Seventeen baskets of groceries for the poor were given at Thanksgiving; clothes for thirty-seven children in the county were given by the Juniors to enable them to attend school; \$16.50 in cash and a liberal donation of clothes were sent to the Alabama flood sufferers; programs pertaining to the Junior Red Cross work in other countries were given; an international correspondence album was completed.

Plans for the organization of the Junior Red Cross in the early fall were also made.

Toledo, Ohio, Juniors held a rally in March which was attended by approximately two hundred members. Grade and high schools met together. The different schools gave reports of their year's work and showed samples of the things they had made. The members from the

Orthopedic School made an especially interesting report. They had some posters they had made in their health classes. One boy who had to be helped from his wheel chair gave a talk on the value of drinking milk to make strong bones and teeth. Others recited original poems, and they all joined in singing an original health song and giving an exhibition of their health exercises. Glenwood School gave a play. Longfellow School told of the orange-rind baskets which they had kept filled with crumbs in their school yard for the birds during the winter. A

member from the Nativity Parochial School spoke on "Why I Like the Junior Red Cross News," particularly mentioning "The Ship That Stood By," in the January issue.

IN Essex County, Massachusetts, Juniors made fifty May baskets and filled them with animal crackers for children in hospitals.

AFTER the year's work was done, a Junior Red Cross field day was held by Juniors in Androscoggin

County, Maine. A framed picture was given to the Ricker School, of Webster, as the school doing the best J. R. C. work during the year in the county. These Juniors closed their year's work by gathering Mayflowers for the local hospitals and sending a May basket to the county Red Cross headquarters. In the fall they had earned their membership by doing errands, working in gardens and helping at home. They had collected vegetables for the needy at Thanksgiving time and sung carols around their neighborhood at Christmas.

JUNIORS of New Orleans, Louisiana, observed May 12, Florence Nightingale's birthday, as Hospital Day by sending large quantities of flowers to the Marine Hospital. They made five hundred new vases last year, because the vases belong to the men and each one who is discharged takes his home with him.

Before school closed last year these Juniors made gifts to be sent to their adopted veterans on the Fourth of July.



A scene from "Florence Nightingale's First Patient," given by Rugby, North Dakota, Juniors at a Council meeting in the high-school auditorium



This Mother Goose play was given for representatives of the 85 schools and 40,000 students enrolled in the J. R. C. in Westchester County, New York, at the eighth annual meeting of the entire group

JUNIORS in Mineral Wells, Texas, have been sending tinfoil to the Shriners' Hospital in Dallas. It is sold for the benefit of the hospital. One little girl in the high first grade collected seventy-four pounds in one term. Her father is on the police board and he had all the policemen in the town working for her.

THE librarian at McMaster School, Richland County, South Carolina, has a special Junior Red Cross corner in her library. Harwick School, in the same Chapter, is collecting jars to give to the unemployed of the county to help them save

their extra fruits and vegetables for winter use.

IN Natchitoches, Louisiana, Juniors have flower gardens and beautify their school grounds as part of their J. R. C. service.

THIS letter was sent in an international correspondence album from Crane, Oregon, School to Landerzieh ungshiem, Gebesee bei Erfurt, Germany:

We invited a lady in our town, who came to our country from Germany when she was a little girl, to come to our school and read your essays aloud to us in the German language. This was more interesting than just reading the English translations, because she told us many things about your schools, and some of us had never heard the German language read or spoken before. Some of the words sounded very funny to us, probably as funny as our language sounds to you.

We are sending you another portfolio which we hope you will enjoy. In it we tell you about some of the beautiful things in our country and about some of our birds and send you samples of some of our everyday school work.

TWENTY Juniors took part in the Memorial Day parade in Hazleton, Pennsylvania, and made Memorial Day and Mothers' Day favors.

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N the Earle, South Carolina, School, Juniors made a school emergency room. The boys made a cot from timber gathered in the nearby woods, with chicken wire for a spring. The girls made for this bed a pad of gingham, filled with cotton brought from home. They also set up a First Aid kit and a small linen closet, so that now they are prepared for any emergency. The boys of this school made a South Carolina log cabin, and sent it to National Headquarters as a gift, to show what good work rural Juniors can do.



"MERCY"

The memorial which is to be dedicated to "Jane A. Delano and 296 nurses who died in the war, 1914-1918," probably on Memorial Day, at Red Cross National Headquarters. It is to be flanked by long curving benches and set in evergreens and shrubs. On the back of the low pedestal is inscribed "Blessed are the merciful," and the benches bear quotations from the ninety-first Psalm: "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night nor for the arrow that flieth by day," and "Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday."

